

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

SERENATA:

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. HANDEL.



L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE BRITISH LIBRARY,
IN THE STRAND,

1787.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACIS.

GALATEA.

POLYPHEMUS.

DAMON.

CHLORIS.



Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

S E R E N A T A.

P A R T I.

*A rural Prospect, diversified with Rocks, Groves, and a River.
Acis and Galatea seated by a Fountain. Chorus of Nymphs
and Shepherds, distributed about the Landscape; and Poly-
phemus discovered sitting upon a Mountain.*

C H O R U S.

*O The pleasure of the plains !
Happy nymphs, and happy swains,
(Harmless, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and sport the hours away.*

A 2

For

4 ACIS AND GALATEA.

*For us the zephyr blows,
 For us distils the dew,
 For us unfolds the rose,
 And flowers display their hue :
 For us the winters rain ;
 For us the summers shine ;
 Spring swells for us the grain,
 And autumn bleeds the vine.*

Da Capo,

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
 Purling streams and bubbling fountains ;
 Ye painted glories of the field,
 Vain are the pleasures which you yield ;
 Too thin the shadow of the grove,
 Too faint the gales, to cool my love,

A I R.

*Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,
 Your thrilling strains
 Awake my pains,
 And kindle fierce desire :
 Cease your song, and take your flight ;
 Bring back my Acis to my sight.*

Da Capo.

A I R.

ACIS AND GALATEA

5

A I R.

ACIS.

*Where shall I seek the charming fair ?
Direct the way, kind Genius of the mountains :
O tell me if you saw my dear !
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal fountains ?*
Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

*Stay, shepherd, stay !
See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray,
What means this melancholy air ?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.*

A I R.

*Shepherd, what art thou pursuing ?
Heedless running to thy ruin !
Share our joy, our pleasure share ;
Leave thy passion 'till to-morrow ;
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love, and free from care.*
Da Capo.

A I R.

6 ACIS AND GALATEA.

A I R.

CHLORIS.

*O do not, shepherd, thus advising,
The lover's pleasing pains repress :
The lover's passion justly prizing,
Secures what only life can bless.*

*With pride the lover boasts a treasure
In ev'ry care his heart conceals,
And tears for him have sweeter pleasure,
Than mirth in thoughtless laughter feels.*

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

*And see my love !
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes ;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.*

A I R.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

7

A I R.

*Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire:
Nor grace, nor charm is wanting
To set the heart on fire.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

G A L A T E A.

O! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from *Galatea* rove.

A I R.

*As when the dove
Laments her love,
All on the naked spray;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, lasting love.*

I

D U E T.

D U E T.

ACIS and GALATEA.

*Happy we.**What joys I feel! — What charms I see!**Of all youths, thou dearest boy!**Of all nymphs, thou brightest fair!**Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy! Da Capo.*

C H O R U S.

Happy we, &c.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

ACIS AND GALATEA:

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

*W*retched lovers! fate has past
This sad decree; no joy shall last.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream;
Behold the monster, Polypheme;
See what ample strides he takes,
The mountain nods; the forest shakes;
The waves run frightened to the shores:
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

B

RE-

RECITATIVE accompanied.

POLYPHEME.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
 The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart.
 Thou trusty pine,
 Prop of my god-like steps, I lay thee by.
 Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
 To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
 In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
 Sweet *Galatea's* beauty, and my love.

A I R.

*O ruddier than the cherry !
 O sweeter than the berry !
 O nymph, more bright
 Than moon-shine night,
 Like kidlings blythe and merry !
 Ripe as the melting cluster !
 No lilly has such lustre ;
 Yet hard to tame
 As raging flame.
 As fierce as storms that bluster ! Da Capo.*

R E-

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLYPHEMUS.

Whither, fairest, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?

GALATEA.

The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lamkin stay.

POLYPHEMUS.

Thee, *Polyphemus*, great as *Jove*,
Call to empire, and to love:
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plumb of glossy blue;
Wildings, which, expecting, stand.
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GALATEA.

Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood?
Go, monster! bid some other guest;
I loath the host! I loath the feast.

A I R.

POLYPHEMUS.

*Cease to beauty to be suing :
 Ever whining love disdaining,
 Let the brave, their aims pursuing,
 Still be conqu'ring, not complaining. Da Capo.*

A I R.

DAMON.

*Would you gain the tender creature ?
 Softly, gently, kindly treat her :
 Suff'ring is the lover's part :
 Beauty, by constraint possessing,
 You enjoy but half the blessing,
 Lifeless charms without the heart. Da Capo,*

A I R.

CHLORIS.

*In vain you teach him duty,
 To beauty,
 His love is but desire,
 He gains, the fair possessing,
 Not half the lover's blessing,
 Not half so pure his fire.*

R E C I -

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

His hideous love provokes my rage,
 Weak, as I am, I must engage;
 Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
 The god of love will lend his arms.

A I R.

*Love sound th' alarm,
 And fear is a flying:
 When beauty's the prize,
 What mortal fears dying?
 In defence of my treasure
 I'd bleed at each vein:
 Without her no pleasure,
 For life is a pain.*

Da Capo.

A I R.

DAMON.

*Consider, fond shepherd,
 How fleeting's the pleasure,
 That flatters our hopes
 In pursuit of the fair:
 The joys that attend it,
 By moments we measure;
 But life is too little
 To measure our care.*

Da Capo.

RECI-

14 ACIS AND GALATEA.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth;
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth, and pow'rs above,
The pow'rs propitious still to love.

T R I O.

ACIS, GALATEA, AND POLYPHEME.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

*The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The wood: the turtle dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.*

POLYPHEME.

*Torture! Fury! Rage! Despair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.*

ACIS AND GALATEA.

*Not show'rs to larks more pleasing,
Not sunshine to the bee;
Nor sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.*

POLYPHEME.

*Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly;
Die, presumptuous Acis, die!*

ACIS AND GALATEA.

15

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, *Galatea*! help ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes.

CHORUS.

*Mourn, all ye Muses; weep, ye swains;
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains;
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighb'ring
shore.
Ah! the gentle Acis is no more.*

SONG AND CHORUS.

GALATEA.

*Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that stone?
Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind.*

CHORUS.

*Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou can'st relieve:
Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art;
The goddess soon can heal thy smart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Thro' verdant plains to roll his urn.*

RECIT.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: thus I exert my pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

A I R.

*Heart, thou feat of soft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood:
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Thro' the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.*

C H O R U S.

*Galatea, dry thy tears:
Acis now a god appears;
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head:
Hail! thou gentle murm'ring stream,
Shepherd's pleasure, muses theme;
Thro' the plain still joy to rove,
Murm'ring still thy gentle love.*

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

PART III.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW SYMPHONY.

QUARTETTO.

The melody by Dr. ARNE—Harmonized by
Mr. JACKSON.

By Mrs. CROUCH, Miss GEORGE, Mr. DIGNUM,
and Mr. REINHOLD.

*WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I crouch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back do I fly;
Merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

C

AIR.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: thus I exert my pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

A I R.

*Heart, thou feat of soft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood:
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Thro' the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.*

C H O R U S.

*Galatea, dry thy tears:
Acis now a god appears;
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head:
Hail! thou gentle murm'ring stream,
Shepherd's pleasure, muses theme;
Thro' the plain still joy to rove,
Murm'ring still thy gentle love.*

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

PART III.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW SYMPHONY.

QUARTETTO.

The melody by Dr. ARNE—Harmonized by
Mr. JACKSON.

By Mrs. CROUCH, Miss GEORGE, Mr. DIGNUM,
and Mr. REINHOLD.

*WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I crouch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back do I fly;
Merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

C

AIR.

A I R.—MADAM MARA.

Sig. RUSTI.

*Veggio in ciel le nubi infeste
 Oscurar dell Sole i rai.
 Freme il vento
 e di tempesta
 Empie L'aria il Suol il near.*

II.

*Se pietà de mali miei
 Non avete amici dei
 Contro il nembo, come mai
 Potro sola Contrastrar.*

A I R.—MADAM MARA.

Sig. GRESNICK.

*Ter Pietà bell' idol mio
 Non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato
 Infelice e sventurato
 Abastanza il ciel mi fà.
 Se fedele a te son io
 Se mi struggo a tuoi bei lumi
 S'allo amor, lo fanno i numi.
 Il mio core il tuo lo fà.*

CONCERTO Violin, Mr. SHAW.

CORONATION ANTHEM.

Mr. HANDEL.

My heart is inditing of a good matter : I speak
of the things which I have made unto the King.

King's daughters were among thy honourable
women.

Upon thy right hand did stand the Queen in
vesture of gold : and the King shall have pleasure
in thy beauty.

Kings shall be thy nursing fathers : and Queens
thy nursing mothers.

F I N I S.

ACIS AND GALATHEA

CORONATION ANTHEM

Mr. Handel

My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak
of the things which I have made unto the King.
King's daughters were among thy honorable
women.

Upon thy right hand did stand the Queen in
vesture of gold: and the King shall have pleasure
in thy beauty.

King's daughters of nursing children: and Queens
thy nursing mothers.

4 AP 54

